

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.

No. 7. [NEW SERIES.] NEW-YORK, NOVEMBER 20, 1824.

VOL. II.

POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction drest.—GRAY.

AMURATH,

AN EASTERN MONARCH.

By which of the Indian sages of antiquity the following story was written, or whether the people of the east have any remote tradition on which it is founded, is not known: but it was probably related in the first person to give it an air of greater dignity, and render its influence more powerful. Nor would it, perhaps, appear altogether incredible to people among whom metempsychosis is an article of faith, and the visible agency of superior beings admitted without scruple.

Amurath, sultan of the east, the judge of nations, the disciple of adversity, records the wonders of his life: let those who presumptuously question the ways of providence, blush in silence and be wise; let the proud be humble, and obtain honour, and let the sensual reform and be happy. The angel of death closed the eyes of the Sultan Abraddin, my father, and his empire descended to me in the 18th year of my age. At first my mind was awed to humility, and softened with grief. I was insensible to the splendour of dominion; I heard the addresses of flattery with disgust, and received the homage of dependent greatness with indifference. I had always regarded my father, not only with love, but reverence; and I was now perpetually recollecting instances of his tenderness, and reviewing the solemn scene, in which he recommended me to heaven in imperfect language, and grasped my hand in the agonies of death.

One evening, after having concealed myself all day in my chamber, I visited his grave: I prostrated myself on his tomb: sorrow overflowed my eyes, and devotion kindled in my bosom; I felt myself suddenly smitten on the shoulder, as with a rod; and looking up, I perceived a man whose eyes were piercing as light, and his beard whiter than snow. "I am," said he, "the genius of Syndarac, the friend of thy father Abrad-

din, who was the fear of his enemies, and the desire of his people, whose smile diffused gladness like the lustre of the morning, and whose frown was dreadful as the gathering of a tempest. Resign thyself to my influence, and thou shalt be like him." I bowed myself to the earth in token of gratitude and obedience; and, he put a ring on the middle finger of my left hand, in which I perceived a ruby of deep colour, and uncommon brightness. "This ring," said he, "shall mark out to thee the boundaries of good and evil, that, without weighing remote consequences, thou mayest know the nature and tendency of every action. Be attentive, therefore, to the silent admonition; and when the circle of gold shall, by a sudden contraction, press thy finger, and the ruby shall grow pale, desist immediately from what thou shalt be doing, and mark down that action in thy memory as a transgression in the rule of right. Keep my gift as a pledge of happiness and honour, and take it not off for a moment." I received the ring with a sense of obligation which I strove to suppress, and an astonishment that compelled me to be silent. The genius perceived my confusion; and turning from me with a smile of complacency, immediately disappeared. During the first moon, I was so cautious and circumspect, that the pleasure of reflecting my ring had not once indicated a fault, was lessened by a doubt of its virtue. I applied myself to public business; my melancholy decreased as my mind was diverted to other objects, and lest the youth of my court should think that recreation was too long suspended, I appointed to hunt the lion. But though I went out to the sport rather to gratify others than myself, yet my usual ardour returned in the field; I grew warm in the pursuit; I continued the chase, which was unsuccessful, too long, and returned fatigued and disappointed.

As I entered the seraglio, I was met by a little dog that had been my father's, who expressed his joy at my return by jumping round me, and endeavouring to reach my hand; but as I was not disposed to receive his caresses, I struck him, in the fretfulness of my displeasure, so severe a blow with my foot, that it left him scarce power to crawl

away and hide himself under a sofa in the corner of my apartment. At this moment I felt the ring press my finger : and looking upon the ruby, I perceived the glow of its colour abated. I was at first struck with surprise and regret ; but surprise and regret quickly gave way to disdain. " Shall not the Sultan Amurath, said I, to whom a thousand kings pay tribute, and in whose hand is the life of nations—shall not Amurath strike a dog that offends him, without being reproached for having transgressed the rule of right ?" My ring again pressed my finger, and the ruby became more pale ; immediately the palace shook with a burst of thunder, and the genius Syndarac again stood before me. " Amurath," said he, " thou hast offended against thy brother of the dust ; a being who, like thee, has received from the Almighty a capacity of pleasure and pain ; pleasure which caprice is not allowed to suspend, and pain which justice only has a right to inflict. If thou art justified by power in afflicting inferior beings, I should be justified in afflicting thee : but my power yet spares thee, because it is directed by the laws of sovereign goodness, and because thou mayst yet be reclaimed by admonition ; but yield not to the impulse of quick resentment, nor indulge in cruelty or the forwardness of disgust, lest, by the laws of goodness, I be compelled to afflict thee ; for he that scorns reproof must be reformed by punishment, or lost for ever." At the presence of Syndarac I was troubled, and his words covered me with confusion ; I fell prostrate at his feet, and heard him pronounce with a milder accent, " Expect not henceforth that I should answer the demands of arrogance, or gratify the curiosity of speculation ; confide in my friendship, and trust implicitly to the ring."

As the chace had produced so much infelicity, I did not repeat it, but invited my nobles to a banquet, and entertained them with dancing and music. I had given leave that all ceremony should be suspended, and that the company should treat me not as a sovereign, but as an equal, because the conversation would otherwise be incumbered or restrained ; and I encouraged others to pleasantry, by indulging the luxuriance of my own imagination. But though I affected to throw off the trappings of royalty, I had not sufficient magnanimity to despise them. I enjoyed the voluntary deference which was paid me, and was secretly offended at Alibeg, my vizier, who endeavoured to prevail upon the assembly to enjoy the liberty that had been given them, and was himself an example of the conduct that he recommended ; I singled out, as the object of my raillery, the man who alone deserved my approbation ; he believed my condescension to be sincere, and imagined that he was se-

curing my favour by that behaviour which had incurred my displeasure ; he was therefore grieved and wounded to perceive that I laboured to render him ridiculous and contemptible. I enjoyed his pain, and was elated at my success ; but my attention was suddenly called to my ring, and I perceived the ruby change colour. I desisted for a moment ; but some of my courtiers having discovered and seconded my intentions, I felt my vanity and my resentment gratified ; I endeavoured to wash away the remembrance of my ring with wine ; my satire became more bitter, and Alibeg discovered yet greater distress. My ring again reproached me, but I still persevered. The vizier was at length roused to his defence ; probably he had discovered and despised my weakness. His replies were so poignant, that I became outrageous, and descended from raillery to invective ; at length disguising the anguish of his mind with a smile, " Amurath," said he, " if the Sultan should know, that after having invited your friends to festivity and merriment, you had assumed his authority, and insulted those who were not aware that you had disdained to be treated with the familiarity of friendship, you would certainly fall under his displeasure." The severity of this sarcasm, which was extorted by long provocations from a man warm with wine, stung me with intolerable rage. I started up, and spurning him from the table, was about to draw my poignard : when my attention was again called to my ring, and I perceived with some degree of regret, that the ruby had fallen almost to a perfect white.

But instead of being resolved to be more watchful against whatever might bring me under this silent reproof, I comforted myself that the genius would no more alarm me with his presence. The irregularities of my conduct increased almost imperceptibly, and the intimations of my ring became proportionally more frequent, though less forcible, till at last they were so familiar, that I scarce remarked when they were given and when suspended.

It was soon discovered that I was pleased with servility : servility was therefore practised, and I rewarded it sometimes with a pension, and sometimes with a place. Thus the government of my kingdom was left to petty tyrants, who oppressed the people to enrich themselves. In the meantime I filled my seraglio with women, among whom I abandoned myself to sensuality, without enjoying the pure delight of the love which arises from esteem. But I had not yet stained my hands with blood, nor dared to ridicule the laws which I neglected to fulfil. My resentment against Alibeg however unjust, was inflexible, and terminated in the most perfect hatred. I degraded him from

his office, but I still kept him at court, that I might embitter his life by perpetual indignities, and practise against him new schemes of malevolence.

Selima, the daughter of this prince, had been intended by my father for my wife, and the marriage been delayed only by his death; but the pleasure and dignity that Alibeg would derive from this alliance, had now changed my purpose. Yet such was the beauty of Selima, that I gazed with desire, and such was her wit, that I listened with delight. I therefore resolved that I would if possible, seduce her, and that when her beauty should yield to the charms of variety, I would dismiss her with marks of disgrace. But in this attempt I could not succeed: my solicitations were rejected, sometimes with tears, and sometimes with reproaches; I became every day more wretched by seeking to bring calamity upon others; I considered my disappointment as the triumph of a slave, whom I wished, but did not dare to destroy; and I regarded his daughter as the instrument of my dishonour. Thus the tenderness which had before shaken my purpose, was weakened; my desire for beauty became as selfish and as sordid an appetite as my desire for food; and as I had no hope of obtaining the complete gratification of my revenge, I determined to enjoy Selima by force, as the only expedient to alleviate my torment.

She resided, by my command, in an apartment of the seraglio: and I entered her chamber at midnight by a private door, of which I had the key, but with inexpressible vexation I found it empty. To be thus disappointed in my last attempt at the very moment in which I thought I had insured success, distracted me with rage; and instead of returning to my chamber, and concealing my design, I called aloud for her women. They ran in, pale and trembling. I demanded the lady: they gazed at me astonished and terrified; and then looking upon each other, stood silent. I repeated my demand with fury and execration, and to enforce it, called aloud for the ministers of death; they fell prostrate at my feet, and declared with one voice, that they knew not where she was; that they had left her when they were dismissed for the night, sitting on a sofa, pensive and alone: and that no person had since, to their knowledge, passed in or out of her apartment. In this account however incredible, they persisted without variation, and having filled the palace with alarm and confusion, I was obliged to retire without gaining any intelligence by what means I had been baffled, or on whom to turn my resentment. I reviewed the transactions of the night with anguish and regret, and bewildered myself among the innumerable possibilities that might have produced my disap-

pointment. I remembered that the windows of Selima's apartments were open, and I imagined that she might that way have escaped into the garden of the seraglio. But why should she escape who had never been confined? If she had designed to depart, she might have departed by day? Had she an assignation? And did she intend to return without being known to have been absent? This supposition increased my torment: because if it was true, Selima had granted to my slave that which she refused to me. But all these conjecturers were uncertain, and I determined to make her absence a pretence to destroy her father.

In the morning I gave orders that he should be seized and brought before me; but while I was yet speaking, he entered, and prostrating himself, thus anticipated my accusation: "May the Sultan Amurath, in whose wrath the angel of death goes forth, rejoice for ever in the smiles of heaven! Let the wretched Alibeg perish; but let my lord remember Selima with mercy; let him dismiss the slave in whom he ceases to delight." I heard no more, but cried out, "Darest thou to mock me with a request to dismiss thy daughter, whom thou hast stolen? Thou, whose life has been so often forfeited, I have yet spared! Restore her within an hour, or affronted mercy shall give thee up." "Oh!" said he "let not the mighty sovereign of the east sport with the misery of the weak; if thou hast doomed us to death, let us die together!" Though I was now convinced that Alibeg believed I had confined Selima, and decreed her to death, yet I resolved to persist in requiring her at his hands; and therefore dismissed him with a repetition of my commands, to produce her within an hour upon pain of death.

My ring, which during this series of events, had given perpetual intimations of guilt, which were always disregarded, now pressed my finger so forcibly, that it gave me great pain, and compelled my notice. I immediately retired, and gave way to the discontent that swelled my bosom. How wretched a slave is Amurath to an invisible tyrant! a being, whose malevolence or envy has restrained me in the exercise of my authority as a prince, and whose cunning has contrived perpetually to insult me, by intimating that every action of my life is a crime! How long shall I groan under this intolerable oppression? This accursed ring is the badge and the instrument of my subjection and dishonour. He who gave it is now perhaps in some remote region of the air; perhaps he rolls some planet in its orbit, agitates the southern ocean with a tempest, or shakes some distant region with an earthquake. But wherever he is, he has surely a more important employ than to

watch my conduct. Perhaps he has contrived this talisman only to restrain me from the enjoyment of some good which he wishes to withhold: I feel that my desires are controlled; and to gratify these desires, is to be happy. As I pronounced these words I drew off the ring, and threw it to the ground with disdain and indignation. Immediately the air grew dark; a cloud burst in thunder over my head, and the eye of Syndarac was upon me. I stood before him motionless and silent! Horror thrilled in my veins, and my hair stood upright. I had neither power to deprecate his anger, nor to confess my faults. In his countenance there was a calm severity, and I heard him pronounce these words—"Thou hast now, as far as in thy power, thrown off humanity and degraded thy being. Thy form therefore shall no longer conceal thy nature, nor thy example render thy vices contagious." He then touched me with his rod, and while the sound of his voice yet vibrated in my ears, I found myself in the midst of a desert, not in the form of a man, but of a monster, with the fore parts of my body like a wolf, and the hinder parts like a goat. I was still conscious to every event of my life, and my intellectual powers were continued, though my passions were irritated to frenzy. I now rolled in the sand in an agony not to be described; and now hastily traversed the desert, impelled only by the vain desire of flying from myself: I now bellowed with rage, and now howled in despair; this moment I breathed execration against the genius, and the next reproached myself for having forfeited his friendship.

By this violent agitation of mind and body, the powers of both were exhausted. I crawled into a den which I perceived near me, and immediately sunk down in a state of insensibility. I slept, but sleep, instead of prolonging, put an end to this interval of quiet. The genius still terrified me with his presence. I heard his sentence repeated; and felt again all the horrors of my transformation. When I waked, I was not refreshed: calamity, though it compelled me to slumber, can yet exclude rest. But I was now roused with hunger, for hunger like sleep is irresistible. I went on in search of prey; and if I felt any alleviation of misery besides the hope of satisfying my appetite, it was in the thought of tearing to pieces whatever I should meet, and inflict some part of the evil which I endured, for though I regretted my punishment, I did not repent of my crimes; and as I imagined Syndarac would now neither mitigate nor increase my sufferings, I was not restrained either by hope or fear, from indulging my disposition to cruelty and revenge. But while I was meditating the destruction of others, I trembled lest, by

some stronger savage I should be destroyed myself.

In the midst of this variety of torments, I heard the cry of dogs, the trampling of horses, and the shouts of hunters, and such is the love of life, however wretched, that my heart sunk withing me at the sound. To hide myself was impossible, and I was too much enfeebled either to flee or resist. I stood still till they came up. At first, they gazed on me with wonder, and doubted whether they should advance. But at length a slave threw a net over me, and I was dragged to the city. I now entered the metropolis of my empire, amidst the noise and tumult of the rabble, who the day before would have hid themselves at my presence. I heard the sound of music at a distance. The heralds approached, and Alibeg was proclaimed in my stead. I was now deserted by the multitude, whose curiosity was diverted by the pomp of the procession; and was conducted to the place where other savages are kept, which custom has considered as part of the regalia.

My keeper was a black slave, whom I do not remember ever to have seen, and in whom it would indeed have been fatal presumption to have stood before me. After he had given me food, and the vigour of nature was restored, he discovered in me such tokens of ferocity, that he suffered me to fast many hours before I was again fed. I was so enraged at this delay, that forgetting my dependence, I roared horribly when he again approached me; so that he found it necessary to add blows to hunger, that he might gain such an ascendancy over me as was suitable to his office. By this slave therefore I was alternately beaten and famished till (the fierceness of my disposition being suppressed by fear and langour), a mild temper stole upon me; and a demeanour of that which was begun by constraint, was continued by habit.

I was now treated with less severity, and strove to express something like gratitude, that might encourage my keeper to yet greater kindness. His vanity was flattered by my submission; and to shew as well his courage as the success of his discipline, he ventured to caress me sometimes in the presence of those whose curiosity brought them to see me. A kind of friendship thus imperceptibly grew between us, and I felt some degree of the affection which I had feigned. It happened that a tiger which had been lately taken, broke one day into my den, while my keeper was giving me my provisions, and leaping upon him, would instantly have torn him to pieces; if I had not seized the savage by the throat and dragged him to the ground; the slave presently dispatched him with his dagger, and turned about to caress his deliverer, but starting

suddenly backward, he stood motionless with astonishment, perceiving that I was no longer a monster, but a dog.

I myself was conscious of the change which had again passed on me, and leaping out of my den, escaped from my confinement. This transformation I considered as a reward for my fidelity, and was perhaps never more happy than in the first moments of my escape; for I reflected that as a dog my liberty was not only restored, but ensured. I was no longer suspected of qualities which rendered me unfit for society. I had some fair resemblance of human virtue, which is not found in other animals, and therefore hoped to be more generally caressed. But it was not long before this joy subsided in the remembrance of that dignity from which I had fallen, and from which I was still at an immeasurable distance. Yet I lifted my heart in gratitude to the power which had once more brought me within the circle of nature. As a brute, I was more thankful for a mitigation of punishment, than as a king, I had been for offers of the highest happiness and honour. And who, that is not taught by affliction, can justly estimate the bounties of heaven?

As soon as the first tumult of my mind was past, I felt an irresistible inclination once more to visit the apartments of my seraglio. I placed myself behind an emir, whom I knew to have been the friend of Alibeg, and was permitted to follow him into his presence. The persons and the place, the retrospection of my life which they produced, and the comparison of what I was to what I had been, almost overwhelmed me. I went unobserved into the garden, and lay down under the shade of an almond tree, that I might indulge those reflections which, though they oppressed me with melancholy, I did not wish to lose. I had not been long in this place, before a little dog, which I knew to be the same I had spurned from me when he caressed me at my return from hunting, came and fawned at my feet. My heart now smote me, and I said to myself, "Dost thou know me under this disguise? Is thy fidelity to thy lord unshaken? Cut off as I am from the converse of mankind, hast thou preserved for me an affection, which I once so slightly esteemed, and requited with evil? This forgetfulness of injury and this steady friendship, are they less than human, or are they more? I was not prevented by these reflections from returning those caresses which I had received, and Alibeg who just entered the garden, took notice of me, and ordered that I should not be turned out.

In the seraglio I soon learned that a body, which was thought to be mine, was found dead in the chamber, and that Alibeg had been chosen to succeed me, by the unanimous voice of the people; but I gained no in-

telligence of Selima, whose apartment I found in the possession of another, and for whom I had searched every part of the palace in vain. I became restless, every place was irksome, a desire to wander prevailed; and one evening I went out at the garden gate, and travelling till midnight, I lay down at the foot of a sycamore tree and slept. In the morning, I beheld with surprise a wall of marble, that seemed to reach to heaven, and gates that were sculptured with every emblem of delight; over the gate was inscribed in letters of gold, "Within this wall liberty is unbounded, and felicity complete. Nature is not oppressed by the tyranny of religion, nor is pleasure awed by the frown of virtue. The gate is obedient to thy wish, whosoever thou art; enter therefore and be happy."

When I read this inscription, my bosom throbbed with tumultuous expectation: but my desire to enter was repressed by the reflection that I had lost the form in which alone I could gratify the appetites of a man. Desire and curiosity were notwithstanding predominant: the door immediately opened inward; I entered, and it closed after me. But my ears were now stunned with the dissonance of riot, and my eyes sickened at the contortions of misery; disease was visible in every countenance, however otherwise impressed with the character of rage, of drunkenness, or of lust; rape and murder, reveling and strife, filled every street and every dwelling. As my retreat was cut off, I went forward with timidity and circumspection, for I imagined that I could not otherwise escape injury than by eluding the notice of wretches, whose propensity to ill was restrained by no law; and I perceived too late, that to punish vice is to promote happiness?

It was now evening, and that I might pass the night in greater security, I quitted the public way, and perceiving a house that was encircled by a moat, I swam over to it, and chose an obscure corner of the area for an asylum. I heard from within the sound of dancing and music; but after a short interval, was alarmed with the menaces of rage, the shrieks of terror, and the wailings of distress. The window of the banqueting room flew open, and some venison was thrown out, which fell just at my feet. As I had eaten nothing since my departure from the seraglio, I regarded this as a fortunate accident: and after the pleasure of an unexpected repast, I again lay down in the expectation of the morning, with hope and fear; but in a short time many persons rushed from the house with lights, and seemed solicitous to gather up the venison which had been thrown out; but not being able to find it, and at the same time perceiving me, they judged I had devoured it. I was immediately seized and led into the house:

but as I could not discover whether I was the object either of malignity or kindness, so therefore was I in doubt what would be the issue of the event. It was not long before this doubt was solved; for I soon learned from the discourse of those about me, that I was suspected to have eaten poison which had been intended for another, and was secured that the effect might either remove or confirm the suspicion. It was not expected that the poison would immediately operate, I was locked up in a room by myself, where I reflected upon the cause and event of my confinement with inexpressible anguish, anxiety, and terror. In this gloomy interval a sudden light shone around me, and I found myself once more in the presence of the genius; I crawled towards him trembling and confounded, but not utterably without hope. "Yet a few moments," said he, "and the angel of death shall teach thee that the wants of nature cannot be supplied with safety, where the inordinate appetites of vice are not restrained. Thy hunger required food; but the lust of revenge of others have given thee poison." My blood grew chill as he spake. I discovered and abhorred my folly, but while I wished to express my contrition, I fell down in an agony, my eyes failed me, I shivered, was convulsed, and expired.

That spark of immaterial fire, which no violence can quench, rose up from the dust which had thus been restored to the earth, and now animated the form of a dove. On this new state of existence I entered with inexpressible delight. I imagined that my wings were not only a pledge of safety, but of the favor of Syndarac, whom I was now more than ever solicitous to please. I flew immediately from the window, and turning towards the wall through which I had entered, I endeavoured to rise above it, that I might quit for ever a place in which guilt and wretchedness were complicated in every object, and which I now detested as much as I before had desired. But over this region a sulphurous vapour hovered like a cloud, which I had no sooner entered than I fell down panting for breath, and had scarce strength to keep my wings sufficiently extended to break my fall. It was now midnight, and I alighted near the mouth of a cave, in which I thought there appeared some faint glimmerings of light; into this place I entered without much apprehension, as it rather appeared to be the retreat of penitence than the recess of luxury; but lest the noise of my wings should discover me to any hateful or mischievous inhabitant of this gloomy solitude, I entered in silence, and upon my feet. As I went forward the cave grew wider, and by the light of a lamp which was suspended from the roof, I discovered a hermit listening to a young lady, who seemed to be greatly affected with the

events which she was relating. Of the hermit I had no knowledge, but the lady I discovered to be Selima. I was struck with amazement at this discovery. I remembered with the deepest contrition my attempts upon her virtue, and I was now secretly rejoiced that she had rendered them ineffectual. I watched her lips with the utmost impatience of curiosity, and she continued her narrative:—

"I was sitting on a sofa one evening after I had been caressed by Amurath, and my imagination kindled as I mused. Why, said I, aloud, should I give up the delights of love, with the splendour of royalty, since the presumption of my father has prevented my marriage; why should I not accept the blessings that are still offered? why is desire restrained by the sense of shame? And why is the pride of virtue offended by the softness of nature? Immediately a thick cloud surrounded me, I felt myself lifted up, and conveyed through the air with incredible rapidity; I descended, the cloud dissipated, and I found myself sitting in an alcove, by the side of a canal that encircled a stately edifice and a spacious garden. I saw many persons passing along, but discovered in all either something dissolute or wretched, something that alarmed my fears or excited my pity. I suddenly perceived many men with their swords drawn contending for a woman, who was forced almost irresistibly by the crowd, which moved directly towards the place in which I was sitting: I was terrified, and looked round me with eagerness to see where I should retreat for safety. A person richly dressed perceived my distress, and invited me into the house which the canal surrounded; of this invitation I hastily accepted with gratitude and joy, but I soon remarked several incidents which filled me with new perplexity and apprehension. I was welcomed to a place in which infamy and honour were equally unknown; where every wish was indulged without the violation of any law, and where the will was therefore determined only by appetite. I was presently surrounded by women, whose behaviour covered me with blushes, and though I rejected the caresses of the person into whose power I was delivered, they became jealous of the distinction with which he treated me. My expostulations were not heard, and my tears were treated with merriment: preparations were made for revelling and jollity; I was invited to join the dance, and upon my refusal was entertained with music. In this dreadful situation, I sighed thus to myself, 'How severe is that justice which transports those who form licentious wishes to a society in which they are indulged without restraint! Who shall deliver me from the effects of my own folly? Who shall defend me against the vices of

others!" At this moment I was thus encouraged by the voice of some invisible being. "The friends of virtue are mighty; reject not their protection and thou art safe." As I pronounced the presumptuous wish which had once polluted my mind, I exulted in this intimation, with an assurance of relief, and when supper was set before me, I suffered the principal lady to serve me with some venison, but the friendly voice having warned me that it was poisoned, I fell back on my seat and turned pale. The lady inquired earnestly what had disordered me; but instead of making a reply, I threw the venison from the window, and then declared that she had intended my death. The master of the table, who perceived the lady to whom I spoke change countenance, was at once convinced that she had indeed attempted to poison me, to preserve that interest which, as a rival, she feared I should subvert. He rose up in a rage, and commanded the venison to be produced: a dog that was supposed to have eaten it, was brought in; but before the result could be known, the tumult became general, and the lady, after having suddenly stabbed my patron, plunged the same poniard in her own bosom. In the midst of this confusion, I found means to escape, and wandered through the streets in search of some obscure recess, where, if I received not the assistance which I hoped, death at last might secure my person from violence, and close mine eyes in those scenes, which, wherever I turned, filled me not only with disgust, but with horror. By that benevolent power, who as a preservative from misery, has placed us in a secret and irresistible disapprobation of vice, my feet have been directed to thee whose virtue has participated in my distress, and whose wisdom may effect my deliverance.

I gazed on Selima while I thus learned the ardour of that affection, which I had abused, with sentiments that can never be conceived but when they are felt. I was touched with the most bitter remorse, for having produced one wish that could stain so amiable a mind; and abhorred myself for having abused the power, which I derived from her tenderness, to effect her destruction; my fondness was not less ardent, but it was more chaste and tender; desire was not extinguished, but it was almost absorbed in esteem. I felt a passion to which, till now, I had been a stranger, and the moment love was kindled in my breast, I resumed the proper form of nature in which alone it can subsist, and Selima beheld Amurath at her feet. At my sudden and unexpected appearance, the colour faded from her cheeks, the power of life was suspended, and she sunk into my arms. I clasped her to my breast, and looking towards the hermit for his assistance, I beheld in

him the friendly genius, who had taught me happiness by affliction: at the same instant Selima recovered. "Arise," said Syndarac, "and look around." We looked round, the darkness suddenly dissipated, and we perceived ourselves on the road to Golconda, and the spires of the city sparkling before us. "Go," said he, "Amurath, henceforth the husband of Selima, and the father of thy people. I have revealed thy story to Alibeg in a vision; he expects thy return, and the chariots are come out to meet thee. Go, and I will proclaim before thee, Amurath, the Sultan of the east, the judge of nations, the taught of heaven. Amurath, whose ring is equal to the ring of Solomon, returns to reign with wisdom, and diffuse felicity." I now lifted up my eyes and beheld the chariots coming forward; we were received by Alibeg, with sentiments which could not be uttered, and by the people, with the loudest acclamations. Syndarac proclaimed our return in thunder that was heard through all the nations of my empire, and has prolonged my reign in prosperity and peace.

For the world I have written, and by the world let what I write be remembered. For on no one who hears of the ring of Amurath, shall its influence be wanting. Of this, is not thy heart a witness, thou whose eye drinks instruction from my pen; hast thou not a monitor, who reproaches thee in secret when thy foot deviates from the paths of virtue? Neglect not the first whispers of this friend to thy soul; it is the voice of a greater than Syndarac, to resist whose influence is to invite destruction.

THE GLEANER.

—So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh,
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too.

PROPERTIA DA ROSSI.—A female of Bologna, of obscure birth, handled the chisel as a professional artist, and was extremely successful in her efforts during the pontificate of Clement VII.; she made several statues from the façade of St. Petronio, at Bologna; she besides painted well, and was an excellent engraver. Propertia became enamoured of a young artist, who did not make a suitable return to her love: this disappointment threw her into a lingering disorder, which brought her to the grave. Her last production was a basso relievo, representing the history of Joseph and Potiphar's wife. Her cruel lover was represented as Joseph, herself as the Egyptian queen; it is said to be her best work, and was most certainly executed *con amore*. This extraordinary artist is not mentioned in Pilkington.

THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS IN CHINA.

No. III.

THE external appearance of Pekin is by no means answerable to the expectation which a European traveller would have formed of the capital of China. None of the buildings overtop the walls, though these are not above thirty feet high; not even a chimney is seen rising above the roof of the houses, which are all nearly of the same height, and all straight lines, so that the whole has the appearance and the regularity of a large encampment. Although the approach to Pekin, says a modern traveller, afforded little that was interesting, we had no sooner passed the gate, and opened out the broad street, than a very singular and novel appearance was exhibited. We saw before us a line of buildings on each side of a wide street, consisting entirely of shops and warehouses, the particular goods of which were brought out and displayed in groupes in front of the houses. Before these were generally erected large wooden pillars, whose tops were much higher than the eaves of the houses, bearing inscriptions in gilt characters, setting forth the nature of the wares to be sold, and the honest reputation of the seller: and, to attract the more notice, they were generally hung with various coloured flags and streamers and ribbons, from top to bottom, exhibiting the appearance of a line of shipping dressed, as we sometimes see them, in the colours of all nations.

The sides of the houses were not less brilliant in the several colours with which they were painted, consisting generally of sky blue or green, mixed with gold; and, what appeared to us singular enough, the articles for sale that made the greatest show, were coffins for the dead. The most splendid of our coffin furniture would make but a poor figure, if placed beside that intended for a wealthy Chinese. These machines are seldom less than three inches thick, and twice the bulk of ours. Next to those our notice was attracted by the brilliant appearance of the funeral bier, and the marriage cars, both covered with ornamental canopies. At the four points, where the great streets intersect each other, were erected those singular buildings, sometimes of stone, but generally of wood, which have been called triumphal arches, but which, in fact, are monuments to the memory of those who had deserved well of the community, or who had attained an unusual longevity. They con-

sist invariably of a smaller one on each side, all covered with narrow roofs: and, like the houses, they are painted, varnished, and gilt in the most splendid manner.

The multitude of moveable workshops of tinkers and barbers, cobblers and blacksmiths; the tents and booths where tea and fruit, rice, and other eatables were exposed for sale, with the wares and merchandise arrayed before the doors, had contracted this spacious street to a narrow road in the middle, just wide enough for two of our little vehicles to pass each other. The cavalcade of officers and soldiers that preceded the embassy,—the processions of men in office attended by their numerous retinues, bearing umbrellas and flags, painted lanterns, and a variety of strange insignia of their rank and station, different trains that were accompanying, with lamentable cries, corpses to their graves, and, with squalling music, brides to their husbands,—the troops of dromedaries laden with coals from Tartary,—the wheelbarrows and hand-carts stuffed with vegetables, occupied nearly the whole of this middle space in one continued line, leaving very little room for the cavalcade of the embassy to pass. All was in motion. The sides of the streets were filled with an immense concourse of people, buying and selling and bartering their different commodities. The hurry and confused noises of this mixed multitude, proceeding from the loud bawling of those who were crying their wares, the wrangling of others, with every now and then a strange twanging noise like the jarring of a cracked Jew's harp, the barber's signal by their tweezers, the mirth and the laughter that prevailed in every groupe, could scarcely be exceeded. Pedlars with their packs, and jugglers, and conjurors, and fortune-tellers, mountebanks, and quack doctors, comedians, and musicians, left no space unoccupied. The Tartar soldiers, with their whips, kept with difficulty a clear passage for the embassy to move slowly forward,—so slow, indeed, that although we entered the eastern gate at half-past nine, it was near twelve before we arrived at the western.

THE DRAMA.

— Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts still attend. BROOKS

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

THAT this opera was written to satirize the courtiers, through the medium of ordinary characters, both the songs and dialogues attest. The character of *Peachum* was drawn after the model of Jonathan Wild, a celebrated thief and thief-taker, who had

suffered for his notorious villainies about three years before the production of this opera, and *Peachum* pursuing his Tyburn list, was no more than the daily practice of Wild. Gay, however, by frequently comparing highwaymen to courtiers, and mixing political allusions, drew the attention of the public to the character of Sir Robert Walpole, then prime minister, who like other prime ministers, had a strong party against him, who constantly took care to make or find a comparison between the two characters. A particular anecdote of this nature is told of Sir Robert. In the scene where *Peachum* and *Lockit* are described settling their accounts, *Lockit* sings the song "When you censure the age," &c., which had such an effect on the audience, that, as if by instinct, the greater part of them threw their eyes on the stage-box, where the minister was sitting, and loudly encored it. Sir Robert saw this stroke instantly, and saw it with good humour and discretion; for no sooner was the song finished, than he encored it a second time himself, joined in the general applause, and by this means brought the audience into so much good humour with him, that they gave him a general huzza from all parts of the house.

But notwithstanding this escape, every night, and for many years afterwards that the *Beggar's Opera* was brought out, it is said the minister (sir Robert Walpole) never could, with any satisfaction, be present at its representation, on account of the many allusions which the audience thought referred to his character. The first song was thought to point to him; the name of *Bob Booty*, whenever mentioned, again raised the laugh against him; and the quarrelling scene between *Peachum* and *Lockit*, was so well understood at that time to allude to a recent quarrel between the two ministers, lord Townshend and sir Robert, that the house was in convulsions of applause.

Macklin was present at its first representation, and states its success to have been very doubtful until after the opening of the second act, when, after the chorus song of "Let us take the road," the applause was universal and unbounded. Notwithstanding, however, the adventitious circumstances which are stated to have originally promoted its success, there is no piece which enjoys more quiet possession of the stage, or which, when *well cast*, proves more beneficial to the treasury of the theatre; and there is none certainly which has tended more to establish performers as favourites with the public, from the original *Macheath*, *Polly*, *Lucy*, *Peachum*, and *Lockit*, to those of our own day. The original *Polly*, Lavinia Fenton, was ennobled, being married to the duke of Bolton.

To this opera there was no music origin-

ally intended to accompany the songs, till Rich, the manager, suggested it on the second rehearsal. The junto of wits who regularly attended, one and all objected to it; and it was given up until the duchess of Queensbury (Gay's stanch patroness) accidentally hearing of it, attending herself the next rehearsal, when it was tried and universally approved of. The song, "The modes of the Court," was written by lord Chesterfield; "Virgins are like the fair flower in its lustre," by sir Hanbury Williams; "When you censure the Age," by Swift; and "Gamesters and Lawyers are jugglers alike," supposed to be written by Mr. Fortescue, then master of the Rolls.

The reception this celebrated opera met with in Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, is too well known to need recital. In London, nothing stopped its progress through the course of the season, but the benefit nights of the performers. Nor age nor time have been able to stale the character of this opera. Every species of performers have attempted it, from theatres royal to barn and puppet-shows. Not longer ago than the year 1790 it was played at Barnstaple, in Devonshire, when *Macheath* had but *one eye*; *Polly* but *one arm*; the songs, supported in the orchestra by a man who whistled the tunes, whilst the manager could not read.

BIOGRAPHY.

The proper study of mankind is man.

MEMOIRS OF ANDREW MACDONALD.

ANDREW DONALD (for the Mac was an addition not originally prefixed to his name) was the son of George Donald, a gardener near Leith, and born about the year 1755. He studied at the University of Edinburgh, with a view to taking orders in the Episcopal Church, to which his father and family belonged. In 1775, he was admitted into deacon's orders, and it was on this occasion that, with the approbation of the bishop who ordained him, he changed his name to Macdonald. About two years after, Mr. Macdonald was appointed to be pastor of the episcopal congregation at Glasgow. The emoluments of his living were not great; but, being a man of simple habits and cheerful disposition, they were for some time sufficient to enable him to live in a state of considerable ease. If the income was small, the duties were equally so; and he had ample leisure left to bestow on other agreeable if not profitable pursuits. Of music and poetry he was passionately fond; and to both he devoted a large share of attention. He not only played well on the violin, but was intimately conversant with the theory of

musical composition. As a poet he was not publicly known till 1782, when he presented the world with "Velina," a poetical fragment, in imitation of Spenser, which at once established his claims to be regarded as a favourite of the Muses.

Ere long, a marriage of affection brought Mr. Macdonald the additional burden of a wife and family to provide for; but, instead of increasing means, he found the little he had, every day less and less. The Episcopalians in Glasgow, never at any time, since the reformation, a numerous body, so dwindled away in the course of a few years, that this stipend, which arose entirely out of the seat-rents, became at last wholly inadequate to his support. He endeavoured to improve his income by the exercise of his pen; and produced, while at Glasgow, a novel, called "The Independent:" but partly from a want of interest in the work, and partly from the disadvantages incidental to provincial publication, it yielded him little or no profit. Conceiving, perhaps justly, that great success as an author was not to be expected while he remained at Glasgow, he resigned his charge there, and chose, at the same time, to relinquish his ecclesiastical functions altogether. He now resumed the dress of a layman, and, with no other hopes than those of a literary adventurer, removed to Edinburgh. In the Scottish capital, however, he met not with the encouragement he had fondly anticipated. He wrote "Vimonda, a Tragedy," which was acted for the benefit of one of the players, and honoured with considerable applause; but to be talked of as a young man of promising genius, was all the benefit which it brought to the author.

Macdonald now resolved to try his fortune in London; and walked thither "with no other fortune," says Mr. D'Israeli, "than the novel of the Independent in one pocket, and the tragedy of Vimonda in the other." On his arrival there he met many friends, who received him with open arms, and for some time "he lived in all the bloom and flush of poetical confidence." Vimonda was almost immediately brought out at the Haymarket theatre, and performed several nights with applause. It made him favourably known to the English public, and his future productions were looked forward to with considerable interest. His taste for music induced him to make the composition of an opera his next dramatic attempt.—The winter campaign passed away, however, without any opera making its appearance, and Macdonald was, in the meanwhile, subjected to the greatest pecuniary straits. But summer returned, and brought with it new hopes.

While these dramatic projects were in dependence, Macdonald contrived to earn

something for present subsistence, by writing for the newspapers. To his principal contributions, which were mostly of a satirical cast, he affixed the signature of "Matthew Bramble;" and under this assumed name was so successful, as for a time to divide with Peter Pindar the applause of the town. The receipts from this source were however scanty and precarious; and the writer, who was daily furnishing amusement to thousands, was at length, through the miscarriage of his theatrical schemes, frequently without the means of providing for the wants of the passing hour. It was about this period that he came under the notice of Mr. D'Israeli, and furnished an affecting page to his "Calamities of Authors."—"One evening," he says, "I saw a tall, famished, melancholy man enter a bookseller's shop, his hat flapped over his eyes, and his whole frame evidently feeble from exhaustion and utter misery. The bookseller inquired how he proceeded in his new tragedy? 'Do not talk to me about my tragedy! Do not talk to me about my tragedy! I have, indeed, more tragedy than I can bear at home!' was the reply, and his voice faltered as he spoke. His tragedy was, indeed, a domestic one, in which he himself was the greatest actor, amongst a wife and seven children."

Macdonald's spirits, though naturally most buoyant, sunk at last under the pressure of accumulated hardships; and a deep melancholy, co-operating with the infirmities of a weak constitution, speedily brought him to an untimely grave. He died in August, 1790, aged 33 years. The personal character of Macdonald was in the highest degree amiable and engaging. His demeanour had an air of independence, bordering on haughtiness; but, in his familiar conversation, it relaxed into the utmost affability and even playfulness. He possessed a warm and generous heart; and it was among his worst faults to think too well of others.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

—Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.

MINUTES OF CONVERSATIONS AT DR. MITCHILL'S

An Amethyst containing a fluid.

A TWIN crystal of amethystine quartz, from the upper part of Georgia, was produced by Mr. Jonathan Addams; one of which contained a portion of fluid through which a bubble can be seen freely to move, backward and forward, after the manner of a spirit-level. It is extremely curious, that

a fluid should be thus, occasionally, imprisoned: the duration of its confinement being from the consolidation of the crystal until its fracture or decomposition; an unknown length of ages! Similar enclosures in mountain crystal have been found at Rhinebeck in New-York.

Yellow Cinchona Bark from Bogota.

A specimen of this medicinal bark from Santa Fe de Bogota, in the new republic of Colombia, was offered by Professor John W. Francis. It grew at the elevation on the Cordilleras of eight thousand and four hundred feet above the level of the ocean; where the temperature by the thermometer rarely reaches the height of sixty-eight degrees. The article was received from Dr. Lopez Garcia, a physician of high distinction there, and the successor to the much-admired and deeply-lamented Don Ant. Mutis. There can be no doubt, since the publication of D. José Pombo's book at Carthagena, on the South American barks, obtained from the four species of Cinchona, that they may be procured from their native forests, in the Andes, more quickly, and in a fresher condition, by the way of the river Magdalena, then the round-about course from the mountains of Peru, by the Port of Callao, or otherwise.

Plants from the White Mountains.

A select herbarium of the plants collected by Dr. Joseph Barratt during the autumn of 1824, while on a tour over the White Mountains of New-Hampshire, was brought forward. The note which accompanied the parcel, dated at Norwich, in Vermont, on the 16th October, 1824, gave reason to expect additional specimens from the same region at some future day. This hope, it was ardently desired, the scientific and intrepid traveller might be enabled to realise. That such worthy labours might not be permitted to sleep or languish, a catalogue of the principal articles was directed to be made. This task was accomplished without much exertion, inasmuch as the gentleman, a consummate botanist, had written the names on the greater part of them. The list cannot fail to be instructive, both to foreigners and our own citizens. It may be considered as a proud inscription upon our Temple of Science.

1. *Arenaria glabra*, White Mountains.
2. *Prenanthes nana*, (nov. sp.) ib.
3. *Potentilla tridentata*, ib.
4. *Betula nana*, ib.
5. *Azalea procumbens*, ib.
6. *Ledum latifolium*, ib.
7. *Gleum Peckii*, growing abundantly among the *Sphagnum palustre*, on the margin of a pond; not described correctly by Pursh, as it always has two or three flowers.
8. *Juncus trifidus*, ib.
9. *Juncus spicatus*, ib.
10. *Carex Bigelowi*?
11. Another *Carex* (without a specific name.)
12. *Lycopodium selago*, ib.
13. *Lycopodium clavatum*, ib.

The lower country of New-Hampshire furnished the

14. *Linnæa borealis*, and
15. *Gentiana quinqueflora*?

The adjoining tracts of Vermont, gave

16. The *Gualtheria phispidula*; and
17. *Polypodium connectile*.

It was concluded that a publication of the catalogue might answer a good purpose, by enabling comparative observations to be made on the vegetable productions of other regions of the globe.

The beautiful Animal Plant of New-York.

The class of Botany and Materia Medica had been enabled to examine the *Zoanthus*, or *animal-flower*, two years ago. It was exhibited in a perfect and living state, by the professor, while discoursing on the analogies and proximities of animation in the animal and vegetable kingdoms of nature; and called the *Holothuria polymorpha*. The specimens (for there were several) had been procured from the bay of New-York, in the immediate vicinity of the city. The creatures are found on the bottom, at the distance of a few rods from high-water mark. They are loose or detached, and have no connexion with the rocks, or any fixed body. As long ago as 1806, when the entertainer was a Senator in Congress, and his friend Captain Richard Whily commandant of the military station at New-York, the latter gentleman diverted his guests at a dinner he gave on Governor's Island one day, with the multifarious appearances of those inhabitants of the shores,

Afterwards, a specimen, large and long as a man's thumb, was found on the north shore of Long-Island, and brought for examination.

During the present season (1824,) many of these creatures have been discovered in the immediate vicinity of New-York. They are of an oblong figure, of a sort of coriaceous consistence furnished with abundance of longitudinal and circular muscles, and with an opening at each extremity. The feelers or tentacula which surround the mouth, are extended at the will of the animal in beautiful radiations through the water; and as the fibres elongate and contract, the body assumes a great number of amusing forms. The variety of shapes manifested during its healthy motions, render it when kept on a sideboard, or chimney-piece, in a glass vessel of salt water, a beautiful object of observation and entertainment. For that purpose, these holothurians have frequently been kept in parlours, for weeks and even months. Though they subsist upon the nourishment derived from the surrounding fluid, they will take into their mouths almost any kind of animal food that is offered them. This happens though they are destitute of eyes, and even of nerves. Yet they possess very quick irritability. Satisfaction was warmly expressed to Mr. Schieffelin, for the treat he had afforded by the exhibition.

LITERATURE.

If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves: if they are just, all that can be said against them does not defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work.
MARQUIS D'ARGENS.

Notice of the Works of eminent Authors.

No. II.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE noblest monument of Shakespeare's genius is that which he himself erected. The praises of his encomiasts play around a pyramid of glory, which they fail to irradiate: and the censures of those who deny his merit, are like the clouds that vainly attempt to obscure the sun of summer. This great bard has triumphantly endured the ordeal of criticism, and although two centuries have elapsed since his ashes were consigned to the silent grave, his all-grasping spirit is still active in the creations of his imagination. The lightning of time, which leaves no trace of the productions of mediocrity, consecrates the ever-greens of Shakespeare. As in an extended and beau-

tiful prospect, it is difficult for the eye to repose on individual beauties, so when we open the works of this intimitable dramatist, the fancy is perplexed with the variety and felicity of his conceptions. Were we called on to give a deliberate opinion as to the merit of Shakespeare's plays, we should, as critics, find much to disapprove of; we should probably say there was no unity in their diction, that his tragi-comic pieces were (considered in the abstract) sins against good taste, and that they offended with much vile punning, lewd jesting, and low buffoonery: but to the first of these charges it might be answered, that though a breach of the unities be obviously contrary to the canons of Aristotle, their strict preservation in the conduct of a modern drama, is almost impossible; and, indeed, were it otherwise, the affect is so awkward, (as may be observed in the French theatre) that the writer, who should servilely adhere to the rules of the Stagirite, would be more likely to excite ridicule, than praise. Of Shakespeare's tragi-comedies we might remark, that though their plan be faulty, the execution is so admirable, that in reading any detached scene, whether its hero be Hotspur or Falstaff, we forget to criticise, while paying a just homage to the extraordinary genius, which, in the compass of a few pages, is equally successful in exciting such opposite emotions as mirth and sorrow. We should not be apologists for punning, buffoonery, or lewdness; but we might say, that these were rather the fault of Shakespeare's age, than Shakespeare. In his day, bishops punned to save souls, ministers for the good of their country, and lawyers for the success of their clients; a punster was in the high road to promotion, buffoonery passed for an excellent jest, and lewdness for sterling wit. The wonder, therefore, is not that Shakespeare fell into such faults, but that he redeemed them by so many excellencies. To descant on the triumphs of the bard would be a futile task: we cannot count the stars,—it were no easy task to enumerate the beauties of Shakespeare. The sun shines, but the blind cannot conceive of the glory which his beams diffuse over the face of nature; Shakespeare reigns in feeling bosoms, but the insensible own not his triumphs. Other poets may be more correct, more uniform in the tone of their performances, less liable to critical animadversion; the dullest prosier of the present day may excel in some particulars, but in fertility of imagination, in delineation of character, in richness of imagery, in lofty sentiment, and sublime description, Shakespeare has been seldom equalled, never excelled. Of other authors we think it high praise to say, that one of their performances approaches to perfection. But which of

Shakespeare's drama is the masterpiece? The answers to this question are at variance. After seeing or reading that tragedy, we should pronounce it to be Othello, and in the same way we might choose Macbeth, King Lear, or Hamlet. In three of these plays, admiration, pity, and terror, are so powerfully excited, that while readers or spectators, our very souls participate in the feelings of the characters exhibited, and for a time our interests become identified with theirs. The action in Hamlet is of a more tranquil kind, and yet the incidents are scarcely less interesting; but the chief fascination of this play consists in the wonderful felicity of sentiment and expression with which it abounds! We shall, perhaps esteem Hamlet most in our closets, and its rivals on the stage, though even as an acting drama it has few equals. Thus then, there are at least four of Shakespeare's plays which so nearly approximate to excellence, that it is difficult to judge which deserves precedence: and when it is remembered that he has many other performances, which though inferior to these, may be fairly ranked with the best dramatic productions in the language, what measure of praise can be thought too great for a genius so excursive, commanding, and sublime? Did we need a reply to this question, a most satisfactory one might be found, in the increasing delight with which his plays are read, and their representation witnessed. Nor will this exalted pleasure be confined to that scanty portion of the globe, which boasts the honour of his birth. Foreigners begin to appreciate his merits; France and Germany have already adopted him; and as Homer has travelled from Greece to Siberia, Shakespeare may migrate from England to China.

THE GRACES.

MISS SEWARD.

THE father of Miss Seward, whose poetic talents were by no means inconsiderable, fancying that he saw the dawn of genius in the infancy of his daughter, devoted himself to its culture. When she was only three years old, and before she could read, he had taught her to lisp the Allegro of Milton; and in her ninth year she was able to repeat the first three books of Paradise Lost, with that variety of accent necessary to give grace and effect to the harmonies of that poem. She had been heard to say, that its passages, and the alternate grandeur and beauty of its numbers, often filled her infant eyes with tears of delight, while she committed a portion of them to memory. From admiring poetry, she soon began to write it; and Dr. Darwin having seen some pieces of her composition, doubted whether she had

not received some parental assistance. In order to put this to the test, he called one evening when he knew her father was from home, and requested Miss Seward to favour him with a few lines on any subject, adding, "let me write a stanza, and you finish it;" he accordingly wrote one, and left it with her.

On the following morning, she presented him with a poem, which convinced him of her merit, and the injustice of his suspicions of her talents.

On the death of her only sister, a few years after, she wrote an elegy as she was sitting in the garden. Other poems flowed rapidly from her pen; but it was not until she had become acquainted with Lady Miller of Bath Easton, and had contended for the prize bestowed by the poetic institution at that villa, that any of her productions found their way to the press; but the Rubicon once passed, she proceeded rapidly in her course, and soon reached the highest rank among the female poets of the country.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NEW COATS, vs. OLD COATS.

No. II.

"Look upon *this* picture, and on *that*!"—*Hamlet*.

IN the exercise of even-handed impartiality, I shall now reverse the medal, and like my learned friend, who having made a mistake by pleading for the defendant, when he was retained for the plaintiff, say,—such, Gentlemen of the Jury, will doubtless be the arguments adduced by my eloquent Brother opposite; and to prove to you how void of all foundation those arguments are, I shall now proceed to advocate that cause which has the only real claim to your verdict.

For myself, I hate a new coat. It is like a troublesome stranger that most impertinently sticks to you wherever you go, embarrasses all your motions, and thoroughly confounds all your self-possession. A man with a new coat is not at rest even in his own house; at home he is uncomfortable; abroad he is uneasy; and he can neither sit, stand, nor go, like any other reasonable mortal. All men of sense hate new clothes, but a fool rejoiceth in a new coat; and without looking at his person, you can tell if he has one on. *New coat* is written upon his very face. It hangs like a label out of his gaping mouth. There is an odious harmony between his glossy garment and his smooth and senseless phiz; and of all vile exhibitions, defend me from a fool in a new green coat with brass buttons!

An old coat is like an old acquaintance. However stiff you may have felt with either at the first introduction, time makes you per-

fectly easy with both; with both you take equal liberties; you treat neither with any ceremony; and an accidental breach with either is speedily repaired. An old coat is equally favourable to retirement and to study. When your coat is old, you feel no tendency to flaunting or dissipation. Buffon, they tell us, used to sit down to write in his dress-wig, and Haydn to compose in a new coat and ruffles; but I cannot conceive how they managed it. I could on more write an article in a new coat than in a strait waist-coat.

Your old coat is a gentle moralist. It recalls your mind from external pomps and vanities, and bids you look within. No man ever thinks of drawing the eyes of the ladies in an old coat; their flattery is not likely to turn his head so long as his coat remains unturned. A friend asked me to go with him last week to the theatre. I consulted my old coat, and stayed at home to write for the benefit of posterity. I cannot say, however, that I have so great attachment to other aged articles of dress as to an old coat. An old waistcoat is well enough, but old breeches are treacherous friends, too apt to desert you on a very slight foundation, and they often fail those who are in need.

The indifference with which you enter into all sorts of places and adventures, when your coat is old; your gallant independence of the weather, your boundless scorn of coaches and umbrellas, the courage with which you brave every accident by flood and field, are all conspicuous advantages in an old coat.

The last benefit I shall notice in an old coat, is the exercise it affords to the genius and virtues of the wearer. Judgment, taste, and fancy, patience, fortitude, and perseverance, are equally strengthened by the patching, disguising, and setting it off to the best advantage. I found a friend the other day busily engaged on a blue coat that, to all seeming, was in the very last stage of decrepitude. First he patched the elbows, and strengthened the tottering buttons. Next came brushing and dusting, and then came watering; for pure water is a sure refresher of your old coat. Then came a second brushing, with a softer brush. Then he took a sponge, dipping it in ink mixed with vinegar, and rubbed the seams of the garment withal; and lastly, he polished the buttons with a piece of soft leather. After all this, the old coat was not to be recognised by its most intimate friends. There was as much difference between it and its former self, as between an old beau of sixty when he first rises in the morning, bald, grizzled, rough, and toothless, and the same beau shaved and dressed, with his false teeth, his painted eyebrows, and new black wig.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 8. Vol. II. of *New Series* of the *MIR- NERVA* will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*The Heiress of Falkenstein.*

THE TRAVELLER.—*The Nubians.*

THE DRAMA.—*Dramatic Anecdotes.*

BIOGRAPHY.—*Female Sketches.* No. I.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Leslie on the Light of the Moon. Patent Diaphonic Piano forte. Scientific and Literary Notices from Foreign Journals.*

LITERATURE.—*Notices of Works of Eminent Authors.* No. III.

THE GRACES.—*Principles of Female Costume.*

MISCELLANEOUS.—*The Modest Poet.*

POETRY.—Original, and other pieces.

GLEANER, RECORD, ENIGMAS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—“Mary” on Byron is inadmissible.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches.

Solomon Southwick, Esq. Editor of the *Albany National Democrat*, has published a prospectus, announcing his intention to publish that paper daily, instead of semi-weekly, after the 15th inst.

A new weekly paper in French, to be entitled, “*Journal Inutile ou Melanges Politiques et Litteraires*,” is about to be published in this city.

A surplus of about \$450,000 appears from the Comptroller's report, recently submitted to the Legislature of this State.

During the last six months, the excavation and embankment at the Delaware and Chesapeake Canal, amounted to 760,000 cubic yards, equal to the work on about 33 miles of the Erie canal.

The Managers of the Boston Theatre have offered a medal, valued at \$50, for a prize Ode on the birth day of General Washington.

The scrapings of a card or piece of paper, applied where the skin has been raised by shaving, will immediately stop the bleeding.

MARRIED,

Mr. D. Fraser to Miss M. M'Intosh.
Mr. A. B. Haxton to Miss M. A. Britton.
Mr. J. Prout to Miss R. Tillotson.
Mr. A. Wadsworth to Miss L. J. Dennison.
Mr. J. Stephenson to Miss H. Wilcox.
Mr. C. Roscoe to Miss H. S. Tisdale.

DIED,

Mr. W. Logue, aged 36 years.
Mrs. Sarah Curtis.
Mrs. J. R. Ward, aged 29 years.
Mr. D. M'Laughlin, aged 37 years.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

We are indebted to our correspondent C T R for a poem of about 500 lines. In this number we give the commencement, and in our future numbers we shall continue the story. We trust it will not be unacceptable to our readers.

THE STRANGER'S LAY.

INSCRIBED TO MISS HENRIETTA ****.

Yon rock is high, yon lake is deep,
The sun is hastening down the steep,
Yon mist hangs o'er in shrouding wreath,
Hiding the chasm and gulf beneath;
Yet fearless and still the sleeper lies,
Nor reck's of the danger around him,
Woe and weariness closed his eyes
In the land of dreams they have bound him:
Anguish and death his slumber may break,
If the night should enshroud him ere he awake.
Vainly, vainly the eaglets shriek,
The wild beast's roar is soft and weak,
For the ear that should listen is closed and dull,
The eye that should wake, with its dream is full.
Nature hath warn'd thee to rise, but in vain,
Woe to thee, sleeper, thou'lt rise not again!
Fiercely the torrent is crossing thy path,
Dreadful yon dark cloud mutters its wrath,
Wake thee now, or wake no more—
For darkness, and death, will shadow thee o'er,
And thou wilt awake, but again to sleep
So silent and long, so awful and deep, [ear,
That the trump of judgment will burst on thine
And find thee yet buried in slumber here!
He moves, he wakes, he rises, now
He passes his hand o'er his fever'd brow,
His dream is not gone, it bewilders his brain,
And perchance he'll sink to sleep again—
'Stranger, ho! haste thee away,
Perils are near thee, no longer stay,
Many a gulf besets thy road,
Many a wild beast's dark abode,
Many a torrent, and many a stream,
Dangers of which thou dost not dream.
He heard me not, but rising slow,
Prepar'd his weary way to go.
His robe was lightly o'er him flung,
And a glittering harp on his arm was hung.
A moment he stood, then with a leap
Like a bounding deer, o'er the rocky steep,
As the fleeting glance of the lightning bright,
He fled from the gaze of my wond'ring sight.
Short was his path, and easy his way,
Sure the rock and the torrent his voice obey,
For safely and swiftly he hasten'd o'er
Where mortal foot ne'er pass'd before;
And again he sits, secure and high
Beneath the dark rock's canopy.
Before him lay the waveless lake,
Smooth and still, save the light skiff's wake;
High on the right was stretching far
The dark rob'd mountains' endless bar,
Black their sides, but their heads were bright,
For the lingering sun yet gave them light,
And their snow-clad summits glittering fair,
Like numberless meteors sporting there.

To the left there lay, half hid beneath
A vapoury cloud's enshrouding wreath,
The modest hamlet deck'd in white,
Spangling the sable robe of night.
Behind, in frowning grandeur stood
Gloomier, darker than mountain or wood,
Black-brow'd castles, with banners of blood.
The stranger turned him and gaz'd around
Where the castle and forest so darkly frown'd,
But nor pleasure nor beauty in them he found.
For to his eye,
Though they tower'd so high,
They would be fairer, raz'd to the ground.
He turned to the right, where the mountains rose
With their fierce heads crowned with a chaplet
of snows,
He turn'd to the lake so silent and still,
Sleeping beneath the o'er-shadowing hill,
He turned to the left where the hamlet lay
Muffled in mantle of evening gray,
But mountain, nor hamlet, nor lake's sweet rest,
Gave pleasure or joy to the stranger's breast.
But why does he start, and why is his brow
Bright with the splendour of gladness now?
What hears he, what sees he, that thus can raise
In his unmov'd eye such a rapturous blaze?
Softly his harp o'er the still wave rings,
And his even song the stranger sings.

(To be continued.)

For the Minerva.

THE CHAPLET OF TIME.

TO EUTHALE.

May Time to thee a chaplet give,
And nourish it with sun and dew,
That every leaf and flower may live
In lovely and undying hue:
And may each swift revolving year
The beauty of this chaplet spare,
Nor let decay its blossoms sere,
Nor ruin lay its foliage bare.

Let the flower-queen, the rose, be there,
The violet with its cup of blue,
The lily delicate and fair,
Emblem of thy sweet spirit's hue:
And let the amaranth unfold
Its never-dying chalice there,
Which fades not in the winter's cold,
Nor in the sultry summer air.

And let the earth be searched around
By guardian spirits of the sky,
And every beauteous shrub be found
Of graceful form and lovely die;
And let them bring from ocean's caves
Each sea-flower from its garden wild,
Where deep beneath the dark blue waves
The mermaid oft hath sung and smiled.

Then let them roam the o'er-arching skies,
And cull the choicest buds of spring,
Which the fair bird of paradise
Fans with its gently waving wing;
And let them bathe the wreath within
The stream of life that sparkles high,
That for thy chaplet they may win
A freshness that shall never die.

* * * * *

Be thine, fair girl, the lightsome soul
That throbs with unembittered bliss,
Unchained by Sorrow's stern control,
Which loads a world so cold as this;
Oh that mine were a prophet's voice,
Thy future blessings to foretell,
To bid thy gentle heart rejoice,
And on thy coming years to dwell!

For brightly shall they wander by,
As doth the present with thee now,
Nor shall a shade of sorrow fly
Across the moonlight of thy brow—
Misfortune cannot aim its blow
At thy fair breast of angel truth,
But after years in thee shall show
The bliss and sweetness of thy youth.

J. G. B.

To many of our readers the following exquisite lines are probably familiar. We publish them because we have heard them ascribed to the pen of one of the most accomplished men of modern days, we mean George Canning, the wit, the poet, and the statesman.

"If ever man died of love it was Edward Morton. The lady to whom he became early attached was married to another. Morton was present at the marriage, and was never seen to smile afterwards. Morton died at Corfu. A portrait of the lady was found in his portfolio, wrapped up in the following lines:"

I saw thee wedded—thou didst go
Within the sacred aisle,
Thy young cheek in a blushing glow,
Betwixt a tear and smile.
Thy heart was glad in maiden glee,
But he it loved so fervently
Was faithless all the while;
I hate him for the vow he spoke—
I hate him for the vow he broke.

I hid the love that could not die,
Its doubts and hopes and fears,
And buried all my misery
In secrecy and tears;
And days pass'd on, and thou didst prove
The pang of unrequited love,
E'en in thine early years;
And thou didst die, so fair and good!
In silence and in solitude!

While thou wast living, I did hide
Affection's secret pains;
I'd not have shocked thy modest pride
For all the world contains;
But thou hast perish'd, and the fire
That, often check'd, could ne'er expire,
Again unhidden reigns:
It is no crime to speak my vow,
For ah! thou canst not hear me now.

Thou sleep'st beneath thy lowly stone,
That dark and dreamless sleep;
And he, thy loved and chosen one—
Why goes he not to weep?
He does not kneel where I have knelt,
He cannot feel what I have felt,
The anguish, still, and deep,
The painful thought of what has been,
The canker worm that is not seen.

But I—as o'er the dark blue wave
Unconsciously I ride,

My thoughts are hovering o'er thy grave,
My soul is by thy side.
There is one voice that wails thee yet,
One heart that cannot e'er forget
The visions that have died;
And aye thy form is buried there,
A doubt—an anguish—a despair!

Triple Character of the Moon.

"Terret, lustrat, agit, Proserpina, Luna, Diana,
Ima, superna, feras, sceptro, fulgore, sagittis."

Inscription on the Portico of Ariosto's house.

"Parva, sed apta mihi, sed nulli obnoxia, sed non
Sordida, parva meo sed tamen aere domus."

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answers to PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Hope.

PUZZLE II.—Will.

SOLUTIONS OF ANAGRAMS.

I.—Pedagogues.

II.—Weights.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Begotten and born, and dying with noise,
The terror of women, and pleasure of boys;
Like the fictions of poets concerning the wind,
I'm chiefly unruly when strongest confin'd.
For silver and gold I don't trouble my head,
But all I delight in is pieces of lead,
Except when I trade with a ship or a town,
Why then I make pieces of iron go down.
One property more I would have you remark;
No lady was ever more fond of a spark:
Whenever I got one, my soul's all on fire.
I roar out my joy, and in transports expire.

II.

A word that's oft us'd and entail'd on mankind,
Not one e'er escapes it, the rich, lame, or blind;
It will quench a high fever, and put out a flame,
To warriors and poets will give their due fame.
'Tis odd, yet 'tis even, and yet it is neither,
Exposed to all winds, and in all kinds of weather.

ANAGRAMS.

I. On Real Catgut.

II. A Just Master.

EDITED BY

GEORGE HOUSTON AND JAMES G. BROOKS,
And published every Saturday
BY E. BLISS AND E. WHITE,
128 Broadway, New-York,

Four Dollars per annum, payable in advance. No
subscription can be received for less than a year,
and all communications (post-paid) to be addressed
to the publishers

J. SEYMOUR, printer, 49 John-street.